

THE GRAND SCHEMER

A STROKE OF GENIUS THAT PUTS MILLIONS BEHIND HIM.

Major Crofoot strikes a genuine Good Thing and Divides, or Protects That He Is Willing to Divide, With His Chiroprapist.

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It was the chiroprapist from the floor above the major's office, and he passed the door two or three times before knocking, as if to get up his courage. "Come in," called the major in a bland and cheery voice. "Come right in! By George, but what a coincidence—what a coincidence! Not a minute ago I sat down to write you a note asking you to stop down here. There is surely such a thing as mental telegraphy."

"You have owed me \$1 for the last four months," stilly replied the chiroprapist as he hugged out a bill.

"Just so—exactly—just so," smiled the major as he rubbed his hands together. "Yes, sir, about four months ago you removed two corns from my right foot. The circumstance is perfectly fresh in my memory."

"And you said you'd pay me next day."

"I presume I did. Yes, I know I did, and I humbly apologize that it slipped my mind. My dear man, permit me to pay you \$25, \$4, \$5. I have a check here for \$30. You may have me \$245 balance, and I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"I haven't got no \$245," replied the man. "I only want what is due me. I'll go to the bank with you."

"Don't! Don't do it! I'd never forgive myself for putting you to that trouble. Yes! I was about to write you a note. It was surely a curious thing—your coming down as you did. Doctor, do you know where I stood financially four months ago?"

"Mighty hard up, I guess," was the sullen reply.

"You've hit it. Yes, sir, I was so hard up that I didn't own the shoes to my feet. It was the hardest kind of work for me to raise a dollar. The cold, cruel world sneered at me and called me a deadbeat, but there were a few exceptions. You were one. In my darkest hour you had confidence in me. When I wanted those corns removed, you didn't demand payment in advance."

"I wish I had!"

"No, sir. You trusted in my word, and you didn't seek to humiliate me, and you aroused my deepest gratitude. I have offered to pay you five for one, but I shall not stop there. It shall be 5,000 and more for one. Can you sell out your business or give it away to-day or tomorrow?"

"Are you going to pay me the dollar?" sternly demanded the chiroprapist.

"If you can't sell out, give it away, look it up, throw it out of the window," continued the major as he walked about the room. "My dear man, listen to me. Four months ago I was hard up for a quarter; today I have millions behind me—millions and millions. I may be said to swim in gold."

"I'll be hanged if you look it!"

"And how has the change been brought about? By my indefatigable genius, coupled with ambition. I looked around for a ten strike. It was a little slow in coming, but I hit it at last. What do you think of the Veal Cutlet Company; capital, \$50,000? There are the papers on the table to perfect the organization and apportion the stock—over \$2,000,000 of the stock subscribed for in advance at 70 cents on the dollar, and capitalists tumbling over each other to take the remainder. Doctor, let me congratulate you. Shake hands!"

"Over what? I'm after my dollar."

"Over your appointment as secretary of the company, at a salary of \$10,000 a year, and you can begin work tomorrow. As an official you also have first choice of \$20,000 worth of stock. You trusted Major Crofoot, and this is the result; this is your reward. Shake hands again!"

"Not by a darn sight! You might as well give up trying to work any cold deck in on me. I want that dollar."

"And it was my genius and my financing which brought it about," said the major as he rubbed his hands and patted the chiroprapist on the shoulder. "The thought came to me while I was eating a veal cutlet at my board-house. One veal cutlet is exactly like the name I picked. We prepare a cutlet for the table and then compress it and divide it into tablets. Every box contains 25, and the price is 15 cents. Two weeks hence they will be on sale at every drug store in the United States, and all doctors will recommend 'em. You don't have to wait for breakfast or dinner to get your cutlet. Just drop a tablet into your mouth and let it dissolve, and there you are. Can be taken with you to church, lecture halls, camp meetings or horse races; should be in the hands of all travelers, hunters, sailors and baseball men. In less than three months they will drive every other tablet out of market. Invented, organized and named in less than ten hours and bound to pay dividends of 50 per cent. My dear man—"

"Look here now!" exclaimed the chiroprapist as he pounded on the table. "I've come for my dollar! Don't try to stuff me, but come down with the cash!"

"And the company had only been named when I thought of you for the position of secretary," mused the major without seeming to have heard the indignant protest. "You were a man who had trusted me. When others demanded cash down, you gave me a show. My heart swelled as I thought of this, and I set the salary at \$10,000 a year, payable quarterly in advance. Shall I draw you a check for the first quarter?"

The chiroprapist looked at the major as if wondering if he had met a crazy man.

"I said \$10,000 a year, but if that is not enough—if you feel that you ought to have \$20,000—speak right up. I want you to be perfectly satisfied, you know. Will \$20,000 a year be enough?"

"What about my dollar?"

"The limit passed."

One Scheme Which the Girl's Stern Parent Would Not Sanction.

"Please, mamma, please!"

"Papa, I beg of you not to refuse!" Cordelia Pasdoutt clung wildly about her fond but obdurate mother's neck and rained kisses upon her cheeks, while Anastasia, her sister, did likewise to her father.

But their pleading seemed of no avail. The elder Pasdoutts shook their gray heads firmly in negation, though it was evident that the necessity of refusing their daughters' request pained them beyond measure.

Gently, but with decision, as one shakes a hard-shelled crab from out a sculp net, the parents disentangled their daughters' arms from their shoulders; then, mastering his emotions, the father said:

"No, Anastasia and Cordelia, what you ask of us is too much! Never before have we refused a request of yours. We have moved from city to city, from state to state, to the injury of my business and the destruction of your mother's health, in order to deceive people as to your ages. For the last ten years it has been nothing but a move on for us, for every time the people of one place would begin to suspect your true ages you have insisted on us jacking up and going elsewhere, where you might start anew at 22 and 23, respectively. We have submitted to this nomadic life for our love of you, but your most recent demand is too much. We absolutely refuse!"

The daughters sobbed like anything. In fact, they sobbed like everything. But their firm parent remained firm.

"No," continued Mr. Pasdoutt; "we will not, absolutely not, celebrate our silver wedding anniversary in order to prove to people that you two cannot be over 22 at the outside! The idea!"—Harper's Bazar.

TAKE WATER FOR MEDICINE.

A Health Producer Which is Available Everywhere.

There is no doubt that we do not drink enough. Our bodies consist largely of water, and the average man needs to drink from four to six pints of water daily in order to maintain health. This is the amount of water eliminated from the body by means of the kidneys, the skin and lungs. It is evident that a fresh supply is constantly needed to supply this lost aid in the process of digestion and carry away waste matter.

If the amount of water imbibed is not sufficient for all this, the health must suffer. Air, water and food are the essentials of life in the order given. A person can fast a long time—experiments have proved this—but that same person could not get along without water for that length of time.

As a usual thing women are the ones who suffer the most from an insufficiency of water. Mothers should see to it that their children have plenty of water to drink.

There is a diversity of opinion regarding drinking of liquids. Some assert that the practice is injurious, as it dilutes the gastric juice. Others again claim that a glassful of pure drinking water taken during the process of mastication is healthful. On one point, however, all authorities agree—namely, that ice water is injurious.

Generally speaking, the theory advanced by the best physicians nowadays is to drink often and much. It cleanses the system, increases circulation and helps to make a clear complexion. Therefore, you men and women, the latter especially, drink. Take clear, pure, sterilized water and be thankful, so simple a remedy of nature is near at hand.—Table Talk.

Fireproof Safes.

"For city use in modern buildings," said a safe manufacturer, "safes are nowadays made thinner wall than formerly, thus giving them more room inside in proportion to the space the buildings for use in which the thick walled safe is still commonly sold."

New York Sun.

The Carp is Very Bony.

People marvel at the mechanism of the human body, with its 432 bones and 60 arteries, but man is simple in this respect compared with the carp. That remarkable fish moves no fewer than 4,386 bones and muscles every time it breathes. It has 4,320 veins, to say nothing of its 59 muscles.

The Worst of It.

Jack—Tom, I'm in a terrible fix. I'm engaged to three girls.

Tom—Well, that's not exactly a crime.

Jack—No; that's the worst of it. If it were, I could go to prison and have some peace.

A Drifting Wreck.

"What is a skeptic, pa?"

"Well, the most hopeless kind of skeptic is a woman who has lost her faith in doctors."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Best Remedy for Stomach and Bowel Troubles.

"I have been in the drug business for twenty years and have sold most all of the proprietary medicines of any note. Among the entire list I have never found anything to equal Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for all stomach and bowel troubles," says O. W. Wakefield, of Columbus, Ga. "This remedy cured two severe cases of cholera morbus in my family and I have recommended it to hundreds of bottles of it to my customers to their entire satisfaction. It affords a quick and sure cure in a pleasant form." For sale by Wm. P. Bell & Co., Accomac C. H., Va.

TWO TIGHT CORNERS.

EXCITING CHAPTERS IN THE LIFE OF A POLICE CAPTAIN.

A Hard Struggle for Life With a Stalwart Murderer and a Narrow Escape From Death at the Hands of an Armed Maniac.

"Yes, we have to deal with some queer people and some dangerous people," said a police captain, "and I must say, but not boastfully, that we now and then have to use judgment that is at once quick and reliable. I remember several years ago we had a highwayman in the station house who had shot a man and robbed him. He was a dangerous criminal and he was in a good position to go down for life or be executed, for his victim was at the point of death. One night he asked that I go with him to get a confession from him, but all my efforts had been vain. He had taken a violent dislike to me, and he had laughed at all my endeavors. The deduction I made when I heard he wished to see me was that he had changed his mind and intended to confess, so I went to the cell and talked with him."

"Captain," said he in a confiding way, "I want you to come in here and sit down. This secret is making a great deal of me, and I want to tell you everything."

"He seemed quite penitent, and without any hesitation I opened the cell door and sat down on the bench beside him."

"Is Mr. — going to die?" was his first question.

"The doctor says he cannot live," I replied.

"Then the chances for my going to the chair are better than good?" asked he.

"I replied that they were. The prisoner lapsed apparently into deep meditation, and while the spell was upon him he paced up and down the cell. Suddenly he slammed the door of the cell, placed himself before me and said in a rather forcible voice:

"I've finished one, and if I do two I can get nothing worse than the chair."

"Saying which, he leaped at me, leading out a powerful blow as he did so. I was, of course, up and ready for him and had a billy in my hand. He had nothing but his big fists, feet and teeth, any of which he was ready and anxious to use, but he was twice a match for me even up. I don't know how I did it. If he had got the best of me just for a second, I would have been pounded to death; there is no doubt of that. I rapped him on the head time and time again with my billy, felt his blood flying over me, heard him snarl and also felt the imprint of his powerful fists. It took me five minutes to lay him out, and I must say that I never spent five busier minutes in my life. Oh, he's in prison now. He's doing 20 years."

"I remember another little experience I had that is not easy to forget. I was sitting in my private office one afternoon when a well built, stylishly clad young man entered, bowed pleasantly and sat down on the edge of the sofa."

"I never was down in this part of the city before," he said, "and, being here, I thought I'd stop in and visit with you."

"That's right," I rejoined. "I'm always glad to receive callers."

"I looked closely at the man. I couldn't place him at all. It seemed that I had seen him some place too. He was about 30 years old, was stalwart and had an attractive face that bore slight traces of dissipation."

"Beg pardon, my friend," said I, "but I really can't just place you. I know we've met, but where?"

"No," he haven't met before. I never saw you before today in my life. I'm from Baltimore. I've heard of you a lot of times."

"The dialogue lagged for a few moments, and in that time I scrutinized the stranger. He mystified me in a small degree, and I was interested in him. He broke the silence:

"Say, captain, I've got something very important to see you about. I'll just close this door, and it's just as well that no one knows what we do or say. Now, I wish first to impress you with the importance of this meeting. It is the most momentous occasion of my life, and on its success or failure depends my future. Captain (the stranger leaned over and whispered in my ear), I'm going to cut your throat!"

"I was sitting with my profile to the stranger, and he was leaning toward me. Casting my eyes aside, I saw that he held an open razor in his right hand. I did not move immediately."

"So you're going to cut my throat?" I said, quietly turning part way around.

"Yes, captain. I have been commanded by God to do so. I'm sure it must be done. Get ready."

"That's all right, my friend, perfectly willing you shall carry out your mission; but, to tell the truth, I hate to get blood all over my furmint here. It wouldn't be nice to dirty up the office, would it? Suppose we go in the back room?"

"That'll do. Come on," rejoined the maniac quickly.

"I got up. The maniac's back was toward me. With one bound I had my arms about his waist and his arms pinned to his side. I then called for help, and two officers rushed into the office. It took four big men to put that maniac in a cell. He's in an asylum now."—Buffalo Express.

Just Like a Man.

Biggs (to cabman)—What will you charge to take me and my wife to Blank's hotel?

Cabman—One dollar, sir.

Biggs—And how much for taking me alone?

Cabman—The same—one dollar.

Biggs to his wife—There, my dear, you see how much you are valued at.—Chicago News.

I and My.

The pronouns "I" and "my" are greatly to be avoided in general conversation. "I" do this or that; "my" children are so and so; "my" cook, "my" house, "my" equipages—such iteration sets terribly on the nerves of the listener, besides being in very bad form.—New York Tribune.

Handy.

"This man," said the keeper softly, "imagines he has millions."

"Isn't that nice?" answered the visitor. "Whenever he needs money all he has to do is to draw on his imagination."—Kansas City Times.

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"LOPES TOO BLOOMIN' IGH."

The Englishman's Only Comment When the Broncho Threw Him.

"Most Englishmen are considered pretty fair horsemen, but when it comes to riding a bucking broncho some of them are not in or in for long," said the owner of a large cattle ranch in Wyoming to the writer the other day. "For instance, a rich young Englishman recently came out to my part of the country in quest of some good investment. He was at my ranch as a guest for a few days, and one afternoon as the cowboys were getting to round up a bunch of cow ponies the young man said that he would enjoy a good ride in the saddle. He said he was used to riding only thoroughbreds, and he didn't think we had a horse good enough for him. The boys convinced him that they had one of the finest horses on the plains, and if he knew how to ride he was welcome to the animal. He was apparently insulted when questioned about his ability to ride a strong colt, and he could ride any kind of a horse. A sleepy looking broncho was accordingly brought out from the corral and died. Though the beast appeared half dead, he was the worst bucker in the herd."

"'E's lifeless," said the foreigner when the pony was brought to him. The boys said the nag would wake up after the first mile, and a lord jogged the saddle. The first he, a lord jogged him on the horse's neck, and after the second he was in the atmosphere. He turned a double somersault and landed on the sharp end of a cactus plant. When he picked himself up, one of the boys asked him what he thought of the thoroughbred now. The question made the Englishman turn pale.

"'T's a good 'oss," he answered, "but he lopes too bloomin' 'igh."—Washington Star.

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

A Case in Which the Coincidences Were Remarkable.

On one occasion during the civil war I dreamed that I was standing beside a road when there came marching along in a strong column of prisoners, with guards at intervals on the flanks. I asked one of these guards who the prisoners were and where they had been captured. He informed me that they had been taken in an engagement with the enemy on the day before and that there were 1,000 of them. I then asked some bystander what day the month it was and was told it was such a day of a certain month, some six weeks later than the date of the dream. The whole dream was extremely distinct, and it made a strong impression on me. I related it to a number of my comrades within the next few days and then thought of it no more.

Six weeks later, on the morning of the very day that had been mentioned in the dream as the date when the column of prisoners had passed before me, I was on picket two miles distant from the point where I had seemed to be when I saw them. It was soon after breakfast, and I was standing by the side of the road at the fire talking to the officer of the picket when an aid to the commanding general came riding down the road. He had been a schoolfellow of one of the officers at West Point, and related upon when he recognized his friend. He told us that he had good news; that there had been a sharp engagement with the enemy the day before and that our people had captured 1,000 prisoners, who had just passed the headquarters that morning on their way to the rear.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

The Higher the Purpose the Rarer the Achievement.

If by success we mean the full accomplishment of an end, the actual reaping of a harvest of results, then it is undoubted that the higher the purpose and the nobler the aim, the more difficult is the success. If we aim to relieve a man's hunger, we can quickly succeed in the easy task, but if we aim to inspire him with a desire to earn his own bread the work is more difficult and the success far more problematical. If we would restrain a thief from robbery, the prison bars and locks insure success, but if we would make an honest man of him our task is a complex one, and success may be afar off. We undertake to teach a child to read. If with requisite effort we follow up our task, we are successful, but if we aspire to raise the educational standard of our community, how arduous the task, how uncertain the result, how questionable the success!

The low man sees a little thing to do, and he does it.

The high man, with a great thing to pursue, dies he knows it.

Is his life, then, a failure? No; let us never imagine that any high purpose, any noble thought, any generous emotion, any earnest effort is ever lost. We may never witness its growth, we may not live to gather its fruit or even see its blossoms, but we may safely set that somewhere and at some time the harvest will be abundant and, less long hidden, shall become apparent.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Wickedest Bit of Sea.

Nine out of ten travelers would tell you that the roughest piece of water is that cruel stretch in the English channel, and nine out of ten travelers would say what was not true. As a matter of fact, "the wickedest bit of sea" is not in the Dover strait, or in yachting, for example, from St. Jean de Luz up to Pauillac, or across the Mediterranean "race" from Cadiz to Tangier, nor is it in rounding Cape Horn, where there is what sailors call a "true" sea. The "wickedest sea" is encountered in rounding the Cape of Good Hope for the eastern ports of Cape Colony.—Shipping World.

Flight of Time.

Old Med—Well, old man, how'd you sleep last night? Follow my advice about counting up.

New Med—Yes, indeed; counted up 18,000.

Old Med—Bully! And then you fell asleep, eh?

New Med—Guess not; it was morning by that time, and I had to get up.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

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"I have been in the drug business for twenty years and have sold most all of the proprietary medicines of any note. Among the entire list I have never found anything to equal Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for all stomach and bowel troubles," says O. W. Wakefield, of Columbus, Ga. "This remedy cured two severe cases of cholera morbus in my family and I have recommended it to hundreds of bottles of it to my customers to their entire satisfaction. It affords a quick and sure cure in a pleasant form." For sale by Wm. P. Bell & Co., Accomac C. H., Va.

Best preserved jam

peach jam

apple jam

cherry jam

strawberry jam

grape jam

apple jelly

cherry jelly

plum jelly

peach jelly

cranberry jelly

pineapple jelly

cherry jelly

Eastern Shore Agri'l. Association.

Fair Grounds, Near Keller.

Commencing Tuesday, July 31st, and Continuing Four Days.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

DIVISION A.—Horse Department.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1900.

Best Spring colt—1st prem. \$7.00, 2nd \$5.00, 3rd \$3.00. Exhibited at 12 M.

2 Year Old Class—1st premium \$62.50, 2nd \$31.25, 3rd \$15.62, 4th \$7.81.

3 Year Old Class—1st premium \$87.50, 2nd \$43.75, 3rd \$21.87, 4th \$10.93.

2.35 Class—1st premium \$75.00, 2nd \$37.50, 3rd \$18.75, 4th \$9.37.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1900.

Best 1 year old colt or under—1st premium \$7.00, 2nd \$5.00, 3rd \$3.00.

Exhibited at 11 a. m.

3 Minute Class—1st premium \$75.00, 2nd \$37.50, 3rd \$18.75, 4th \$9.37.

2.50 Class—1st premium \$62.50, 2nd \$31.25, 3rd \$15.62, 4th \$7.81.

Free for all Trot—1st premium \$100.00, 2nd \$50.00, 3rd \$25.00, 4th \$12.50.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1900.

2 year old and under, Sweetness barred—1st premium \$62.50, 2nd \$31.25, 3rd \$15.62, 4th \$7.81.

3:30 Trot and 2:40 Pace—1st prem. \$75.00, 2nd \$37.50, 3rd \$18.75, 4th \$9.37.

2:30 Class Trot—1st premium \$75.00, 2nd \$37.50, 3rd \$18.75, 4th \$9.37.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1900.

Wagon Race, double or single, horses with records not under 2:35—1st premium \$37.50, 2nd \$18.75, 3rd \$9.37, 4th \$4.68.

Free for all Pace—1st premium \$30.00, 2nd \$15.00, 3rd \$7.50, 4th \$3.75.

Special—1st premium \$75.00, 2nd \$37.50, 3rd \$18.75, 4th \$9.37.

DIVISION B—Cattle, Sheep, Swine.

Best bull, regardless of age, 1st premium \$8.00, 2nd premium \$4.00.

heifer, 2 years and under, 1st premium \$8.00, 2nd premium \$4.00.

cow, 1 year and under, 1st premium \$8.00, 2nd premium \$4.00.

cow, regardless of age, 1st premium \$8.00, 2nd premium \$4.00.

boar, regardless of age, 1st premium \$8.0